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For Laura
with love from
Hers faithfully
Grace Luce
1900.

Southern California Verses

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

BY GRACE LUCE

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3

The Humming Bird.

A rustle here, a quiver there,
Half-hid in bud, now lost
In depths of emerald shade—
A whirr, a gentle hum,
A tiny, winged atom
Bright as burst of flame
And fleet as Love is fleet,
With brilliant throat
And green-gold wing, is deep
Within a scarlet bloom.
Small staggerer, with his weight
Of sweets, that loiters, tipsy,
In a drooping bell,
He boldly strikes his lance
To the pulsing hearts
Of great Hibiscus flowers.
Deep skies cerulean bend
Above him at his mimic toil,
And softening winds breathe
O'er the Southern seas like odors
Blown from golden garden
Of Hesperides,
Where islands dip and dream.
From out his tiny throat
Comes just the far-off echo
Of a wild, sweet note—
He dreams of lands more tropical,
Of sunsets' hearts on amethystine
Heights, and lust'rous noons
On pools which sleep in fern,
Like maiden's hair, so far
From these Hibiscus flowers.

One stirless spot beside
A stirless stream
He still remembers where
A sweet, wide water lily
Spread its sails to speed
Him down the hot and shaded
Streams, until it stranded
On a broken reed.
Beyond the azure southern
Hills of Mexico
He bode, till, one bright day,
The wild wind bore him far away
To haunt Hibiscus flowers.

Yellow Violets.

Over the hills
  When the rain is done,
To gather wild violets,
  One by one
Lifting their heads
  From the dewy grass,
  That bends and nods to us as we pass.
So yellow, yellow, yellow—
  Golden heads in the bright green grass.

A scent as of orchard's
  Heart's perfume,
A coyness of maidens
  In springtime's bloom;
Encompassed by sighs
  Of the whispering breeze
  That brings them tales of the mountain
    trees
Far away, away, away,
  And dreams of the shimmering seas.

Down on one's knees
  In the sparkling grass,
We pluck them and list
  To the winds as they pass,
And the flowers are so lowly,
  So pure, and so sweet,
  That our moist lips must meet
On their breasts, on their breasts,
  And our love be complete.

A vista of mesas,
  Yellow-blown with their hair,
A tremble of ferns,
  Where they quiver and dare
On a hillside all wet:
  On the slopes to the sea
  A meadow lark singing their glories to
      me,
Oh, singing, singing, singing,
  Singing a love song to them and to thee

A mist o'er the mountains,
  A mist where they break
To let through the turbulent streams,
  A mist o'er the murmur they make,
A mist in the violets' hearts,
  In our tender eyes, mist,
  All rapturously kissed
By the sun; by the sun
  All rapturously kissed

Back over the hills
  When the rain is done,
Back over the hill with
  Violets kissed, one by one,
They quiver and sigh on her breast.—
  Hush, cease, now, and rest,
  Of all fates this is best:
Oh, the yellow, wild yellow
  Of hillsides, adream on her breast.

Poppies.

Poppy, blithest flower that grows,—
  The bees that bend thy orange bloom
  Are silenced by thy wild perfume
And leave thee in thy whispering rows
Afar from any garden close.
  Children of our sunset skies,
And, dancing where the west wind blows
  Over mesas, hills and flowering leas,
  You wander to the brink of seas,
  A vagrant with the wilful breeze.
Free and wild, where men go not,
The wilderness your favored spot,
  You open wide your winsome eyes
  On Nature's gorgeous mysteries
Content to grow, to gleam, and glow,
  Forgotten by the butterflies.

The Early Flower.

Blooming alone on the hill
I espied her at close of the day,
Very first of the year's timid waifs
That the rain had brought out, by the bay
And she sighed that the winds, in their strength,
Were so rough, and annoyed her with play

Bright her locks were, of sunshiny mist,
And her tiny feet hidden in green.
How she shivered and shrank at my touch
Shyest beauty that ever was seen.
And she wept, for the dew, in its cold
And its mocking, was purposely mean.

She was awfully afraid of the grass
And of nnmberless things, so she said,—
Didn't see why the others were late,
And she hoped they weren't all of them dead;
And the stars of the night were so rude,—
Why, they stared right down on her head

Well, I plucked her, I could not refrain,
And carried her home in my heart,
But she pined there, and drooped there, to fade
In the end, and to wither apart.
Lo, her comrades made yellow the hill
Long after I'd broken her heart.

The Moon.

The same great Moon that shines on me
Looks down on them (she says) at sea;
It climbs the rigging, round by round,
As here the lattice, on the ground.

It smiles and smiles down on the sea,
As here it smiles and smiles on me;
But there, its path is wild and free,
And here, 'tis stopped by fence and tree

I see it rise, a silver thing,
In sky made clear by sweep of wing,
And there, it is, as red as blood,
And hurries o'er the silver flood.

Across its face the great wind blows,
And what it see'th no man knows.
I would it were a scarlet flower
And I could hold it for an hour.

I would that it could look on me
And see the child I used to be—
The little child, that smiled, and wept,
And watched it, while the others slept.

I know that in the morning light
The great Moon looketh faint and white;
It goes so far (she says) out west,
With dear, dead dreams upon its breast.

My Lake.

There, do I hear the water nymph—dryad of
Cool, moist places and of woven roots—
Her fingers tap against my boat's curved side.
And wrap it 'round with floating tendrils
Of her dampened hair. She guides my boat
Out on the water's peaceful breast and lands
Its prow among the fragrant lilies on the bank
Down to the depths of interlocked branches, green
On green, I peer and see a bird outpour its
Heart in blissful solitude. No chorister 'neath
Colored window high, or underneath an old
Cathedral's vaulted roof, e'er sang so sweet a song
For in it ripples all the tiny waves that gently
Plash against the shore, all sighs that winds
Leave drifting 'mong the trees, to make the
Leaves emotional. All wavering shadows
Bide therein that break each side a fallen
Leaf, and rush to meet each other's lips again:
All willows, too, that bend to drink and
Press their cheeks against a cooling wave.
Above me, springtime skies are blue as
Mermaids' eyes; thy song, oh bird, is all serene
And unconditional.
The great half-buried tree trunks lying here,
Beyond the brink, are dead—the waters splash
Around them where they lie at their green
Progeny's feet. Their branches old are twisted
As with pain, and stay my course, outreaching
With a mute appeal. The nests that one day
Nestled in them now are gone—the nestlings
Long have flown away. A pensive note

From some shy meadow lark, asway in
Fields of yellow mustard-bloom, remembers
Them and vaults the rustling trees to reach
Mine ear. The willows' heads are white with
Down, like winter's snow; a flake drops
Frequently and glides away, or soars again,
Like some aerial, wandering fay. What need
Of wings have sprites? Such lightsome things
Are safe within the arms of sunshine and
Of purity. We fade away—my boat and I—
Leaving the wind bent down to whisper
Softly to the quivering grass. He bounds away
And follows us, to woo my lake's shy maiden-
Heart, off where the swallows skim with
Dewy wings. All things grow clear to one
Alone upon my lake's calm breast; she
Teaches one to trust, and rest, and sing;
She knows a bird's song is as sweet a thing
As hushes hearts this side the Gates of Paradise.

A Clouded Day.

Away, upon the ever shifting sea,
  The sunshine danced and gleamed,
And near, upon a rose-bush, bending branch,
  A bird, bright-throated, dreamed
With honey dripping from its shining bill;
  Its blood-red breast was torn
By wind, like distant heart of shining sea,
And light enveloped it, the day, and me.

Red bells upon the bushes near swung low,
  And matched its blood-red breast;
The dew hung 'round each grass-blade's lip, and sails
  Shone white within the west.
By all these signs and eyes of Love agleam
  Between the sparkling leaves,
I knew the ship brought light from land and sea—
Brought all the sweetness home to dwell with me.

"Shine thou on me," I thought, "and give a light
  To cloud, and flower, and sea,
And rain thy sweetness down my heart's tired depths.
  Dwell long with Love and me.
The honey on the bird's bill means thy kiss,
  The red, just Love's mad joy!
Oh speed thee quickly, loit'ring bright-winged ship,
That we may store the sweetness from Love's lip."

I look again, and lo, the autumn rains
  Have stripped the bush of flower;
Beneath it, there, an unknown tiny corse,
  Bleak winds are whispering o'er.
A flush of red, a glint of gold, a flash of wing,
  Has gleamed its last beside
One faithful petal of the long dead rose,
At rest together, at twilight's fated close.

No sun shines; sun, where art thou now?
  Ah, Love has left its sport
Among the summer leaves, and, faithless, flown
  Among the autumn birds
In long lines flying toward the distant South
  I stand and watch, alone.
A white-winged ship has faded o'er the sea,
Nor it, nor Love, will come again to me.

LA CAPPONCINA.

An Epistle to Friends

FROM
MR. MELVILLE B. ANDERSON
(Address) CARE MAQUAY & Co.
FLORENCE, ITALY

LA CAPPONCINA

An Epistle to Friends

BY
MELVILLE B. ANDERSON

Privately Printed
CHRISTMAS
1912

I HAVE a castle, not indeed in Spain
But in Etruria, where I would fain
Ye came a-guesting . . . Think me not so fond
As venturing to wave a magic wand
To cheat the sight: if I invoke my soul
To breathe a charm, she does but call a roll
Like Adam naming things in Paradise.
How render visible to other eyes
What mine can only glimpse? . . . Yet take
the verse:
Pray spare the comment, "Nothing could be
worse!"
Accept it all as truth, not fantasy,
And may it have some grace of memory.

Settignano, Italy, April, 1912

LA CAPPONCINA

I.

'TIS April, when the hawthorn blows,
And cautiously the buds unclose, . . .
Ah, would that some whom I hold dear
Could break my solitude, to hear
What prophecies my windy pine
Is harping; to surprise the vine
Clutching with furtive hand, intent
On building a green tenement
Of shade for days canicular;
To breathe the balsam in the air,—
Prezzemolo, and at your feet
Timo, and Maiorana sweet:
What fragrant names! I do them wrong
To pluck them out of Tuscan song,
Though savory in English rime
As parsley, marjoram, and thyme.
Come, dream among the citrus flowers
That June is here, with bridal bowers
Where the red rose hangs loveliest,—
Or will she love the lily best?

Remark the oleander shoots,
The lilac plumes, the loquat fruits,
Fig, olive, peach; then trees of shade,
The tufted linden colonnade,
Acacia, magnolia sheen,
Laurel, and ilex darkly green;
The great horse-chestnut hanging out
His banners for the breeze to flout;
And yonder, shielding from the sun,
The sloping fans of Lebanon.
Elsewhere, apart and lonely, see
Now burgeoning, the Judas-tree,
Whose bough so heavily was fraught
With the forlorn Iscariot.
Far overtopping all of these,
The Galahad of Tuscan trees,
The swarthy cypress, pure and high,
With finger pointing to the sky,
Stands with his fellows in a line
Communicating things divine.

II.

WHEN ashes of the day at last
Into the urn of night are cast,
And heavy odors clog the gale,
The leaf-enshrouded nightingale

Pours from the fountain of his throat
In many a rippling liquid note
Those cadences so rich and deep
That thrill the intervals in sleep,
Awakening dim rememberings
Of "old, unhappy, far-off things."
Hark! he again the theme repeats;
Who can tell how he sings but Keats?
"Now more" (his heart was in that sigh)
"Than ever seems it rich to die."
But, as I say the line, my soul
Whispers, "No truth if not the whole!"
By night old legends throw a spell
Upon the lay of Philomel.
Had you but from my oriel heard
At dawn to-day the happy bird
Make ring again the groves and hills
With warblings, runs, bravuras, trills
From yon tall poplar by the bridge,
You would have felt with Coleridge
That introspective bards obtrude
Upon the lay an alien mood,
And more by token listen wrong
The nightingale: his lilting song
Is all of morning and delight,
Instead of crooning crimes of night;
In sooth, the minor strains are none

Except, for modulation, "one
Low piping sound more sweet than all," —
So thought the poet musical.

III.

SUCH is the close engarlanding
La Capponcina . . . Could I bring
Some charm to bear upon the past
That haunts me here! My lines are cast
In pleasant places historied,
Hill-cities that cannot be hid.
My village is a hall of fame
Blazoned with many a splendid name.
D'Annunzio's villa, where I dwell,
Is famed, I sometimes feel, too well:
In double sense a *dear* retreat,
La Capponcina names the street.
The house across the lane from mine
Was graced by Duse, the divine,
The tragic Siddons of our age,
Who spurns, of late, the Italian stage.
Offended Muse, why silent? Let
That voice be still not yet, not yet!
Those neighbor walls, this side the lane,
Rang with the mirth of our Mark Twain
A little while. — So beauty, wit,

All that makes living exquisite,
Vanish; yet in this land they seem
Realities, and we the dream.
Love, beside yonder hillside hearth,
Gave plastic Desiderio birth;
Where stately Gamberaia stands
Wrought Rossellino's youthful hands;
Here, snatching up a bit of coal,
A young creator flung a soul
Into a sketch upon the wall
Where still you see the vital scrawl:
It was four centuries ago, —
The boy's name, Michelangelo. . .
So many silent voices thrill
The soul on the "harmonious hill,"
You pensively expect to hear
Their echo in the living ear;
And thinking who have surely gone
Along the ancient pathway yon,
You start like one who leaps to greet
The coming of beloved feet.

IV.

THEY say that spirits on the brink
Of living water pause and shrink:
Ah! too lighthearted have I run

Across my little Rubicon
The Mensola, among the hosts
That haunt the farther bank, of ghosts.
There begins Florence — she who woke
The mind of man from dreaming; broke
The sleep of death, — to human worth
Cried loudly, "Lazarus, come forth!"
City of craftsman, poet, seer,
Of thinker, wit, discoverer,
Whence Dante went his pilgrimage,
Where reasoned humanist and sage,
Which wafted forth to all mankind
The fruitful pollen of the mind.
Of her the exiled Poet could
Think only as a cruel wood;
So startled fancy pictures these,
"A forest where spirits are the trees."
Yonder stout Farinata rode,
Who then, when Florence lay unfriended,
"Alone, with open front, defended";
Here spirted Buondelmonte's blood,
Badging his murderers with sign
That parted Guelf from Ghibelline.
San Salvi's abbey, where we go
For the divine Cenacolo,
Holds those who centuries before
Andrea drew it, from the door

Were led forth by the Healer,— they
Did eat and drink with Him that day!
They saw a splendid cavalier
Hunted from Florence, by the spear
Stricken, forsaken of all friends,
For much transgression make amends:
Down from the saddle-bow he slips,
The red life gushing from his lips,
And faintly hears at last his horse
Galloping home . . . Take up the corse,
Still bleeding from the spearman's thrust,
Good monks, and, giving dust to dust,
Bid, in the marble carven deep,
"Peace, let Corso Donati sleep!"

What spell upon those ashes cast
Can now repristinate the past?
Cunning must be the hand and strong
To put back portals closed so long;
The lock is rusted with the key,—
Who has the Open sesame?
That history durst none record
Save a compeller of the word,
Like him whom Pia chose for her
Terse, tender, sad remembrancer.

V.

LEAVE, leave the City of the Flower,
And climb with me into my tower;
A winding stair leads up, and you
Saw never such another view,
Unless you stood with her who took
The house on Bellosguardo (Book
The seventh of "Aurora Leigh").
Such points of vantage let you see,
When frequent showers have cleared the air,
A storied landscape sadly fair:
Fiesole, that speaks of Rome;
The plain with city, palace, dome;
The olive hillsides, as of eld
With villas cypress-sentinelled;
Caiano, where for solace went
Lorenzo the Magnificent;
Careggi, where he turned aside
From the Dominican, and died;
Arcetri, whence the unblinded eyes
Of Galileo swept the skies;
Valdarno yon, inhabited
By wolves, not men, stern Dante said,
By snapping cur, and fox, and hog.
Not to extend the catalogue,
Look at the upland forest glades

Of Vallombrosa, "Etrurian shades
High over-arched," whence Milton took
That image of the leaf-strown brook;
Then to the westward turning back,
Behold on the horizon, black
Beneath the glow, when day is done,
Those serried peaks that blot the sun:
Sierra? Nay, that jagged line
Notching the sky, is Apennine;
Seen at the peep of dawn, their hue
Is pearly, blending with the blue;
But when the sun has reached the height,
How glitter the still fields of white
Above the forest, where they lift
Up through the ether winter's drift,
Declaring, "Weary pilgrim, lo
The fountains whence the rivers flow!"

c811

The Passing of the Village

FRANCES M. MILNE

SAN LUIS OBISPO, MARCH, 1901

It was folded away from strife,
  In the beautiful pastoral hills;
And the mountain peaks kept watch and ward
  O'er the peace that the valley fills—
Kept watch and ward lest the bold world pass
  The fair green rampart of hills.

No factory din profaned
  The joy of the summer morn;
But the tinkle of bells from the pasture-slope,
  And the rustle of waving corn,
And the wreathing smoke from the cottage
      hearth,
  Saluted the rising morn.

The rains of the winter fell
  In benison on its sod;
And the smiling fields of the spring looked up
  A thanksgiving glad to God;
And the little children laughed to see
  The wild-flowers star the sod.

The opulent Summer came,
  Like a queen, to the vale she loved;
And lavished her gifts with a royal grace
  That never a wish reproved;
Oh, she lingered long, as if loth to leave
  The sunny vale that she loved.

The wains on the highway thronged,
O'er-laden with Autumn's spoil;
Like a train triumphal, from conquest won,
They passed from the fields of toil—
The fields where Labor hath kingly right
To rifle the garnered spoil.

The traffic of simple life
That draws man near to man;
The village street, and the farmstead home—
The tie of a kindred clan;
And the common bond to the "brown old earth,"
The primal strength of man.

"Let not ambition mock"
  Such "destiny obscure";
The mighty stream, that a navy bears,
  Was fed from the fountain pure
Of a hillside spring that its freshness kept
  In the depths of the glade obscure.

* * * * *

Hark! hark! to the thunderous roar!
  Like a demon of fable old,
The fiery steed of the rail hath swept
  Through the ancient mountain-hold,
And the green hills shudder to feel his breath—
  The challenge of New to Old.

But the spirit of man awakes,
And thrills to the larger life;
A force resistless his soul hath claimed,
He is part of the great world-strife!
And far and dim in the distance fades
That first fair dawn of life.

Yet, day of power and pride!
Forget not thou that dawn;
From simple hearts, and from simple homes,
Is the strength of a nation drawn;
And ever the earth her life renews
In the dew and the peace of dawn.

THE POWER OF DESTINY REVEALED IN OUR WAR WITH SPAIN AND THE PHILIPPINES

ERASMUS DARWIN FRENCH

THE POWER OF DESTINY REVEALED IN OUR WAR WITH SPAIN AND THE PHILIPPINES

BY

ERASMUS DARWIN FRENCH

1899

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America in Destiny

The Spanish-American War. The Pilgrims.

I.

The song that began on the ocean,
When the waves and the spray were in foam
And the Pilgrims, with hearts of emotion,
Bade farewell to the land of their home.

But the joy that was blended with sorrow
Was brightened with gleams of delight—
They would land on the shore on the morrow,
For the land was already in sight.

Soon the Pilgrims were thankfully landed—
They pitched their white tents on the shore;
And their courage was not to be stranded,
For injustice might reach them no more.

But the clouds gathered darkly before them
(The tyrant is ever unjust);
He heard of their wrongs, to ignore them;
For in strength—not in right—would he trust.

Then the arm of true justice extended,
  Defied the dark power of conceit;
And the hearts of true patriots blended,
  To face danger, but never defeat.

Then quickly was raised a small army,
  Every saber was brimfull of soul;
Every man left at home a fair charmer
  Which nothing but love could control.

With Washington—famous commander—
  Forever determined and true,
And Putnam and Greene—above slander,
  And the fights that brave Marion went through.

The foe met with greater disaster,
  When Gates took their army in hand,
No vise could hold firmer, nor faster,
  And Columbia held the fair land.

The Great Rebellion.
II.

America! the chosen one indeed!
From foreign tyranny forever freed;
No chain shall bind thee, save the chain of self;
No tyranny distort, save tyranny of pelf.
March on! though halting with thy heavy load;
Time will relieve, for straight must be the road.
Distorted by the great unsightly pack—
The weight of chains, the slavery of the black—
The surging power of Destiny unseen
Will crowd thee on, and thy fair vales of green
Shall blush with redness when the blood shall flow,
And fires of wrath throughout the land shall glow.
But drink the bitter cup, it must be done—
Wrong is entailed, but righteousness is won;
Wrong in the fabric of departed years
Is cleansed by blood of man and woman's tears.
No matter that the thousands must be slain;
No matter should the nation part in twain—
Omnipotence itself is in command.
March to the front, and raise the soldier's hand;
'Tis not man's war alone—eternal years
Marked out the bloody path, despite man's fears.
Progressive life that stained the track of time
Is but the bloody mount that all must climb.
America, the child, must learn its task;
Justice must be sincere—without a mask;
The gulf between the slave-bound and the free

Is wide and deep—what must the struggle be?
Call out the men to fill the awful chasm;
Arm for long siege—not for a transient spasm.
The South exclaims, "Arm to defend your right,
If fate decrees, be in the thickest fight;
Fight for your homes, your children, slaves and wives;
Heed not the cost; ten thousand precious lives
May well be sacrificed to gain our cause;
We'll rend the country, execute our laws."
Not thus, the Northern heart in force replies.
"This Great Republic must not sacrifice
Its strength, its unity, its power;
'Tis built for time; shall this impassioned hour
Destroy the nation that all nature made?"
No; the foundation has been deeply laid;
The mind that orders Orion through space,
Mapped out the Universe; and it can trace
The very line the planet Earth must take,
The very boundaries that nations make.
The heart of God is in these wondrous schemes,
All framed in wisdom—not to fade like dreams.
Go from the North and learn war's cruel art;
Go from the South, for you must bear your part
In the advancement of a growing world,
Although your great iniquity is hurled
In fire and battle from your favored land;
Then peace and plenty comes at your command.
Leaders of men responded to the call;
Great Generals gave their time, their fame, their all.
The scales were trembling, hopes and excitements high.

"We must be victors!" was the earnest cry.
Now unseen Wisdom in the realms of love,
And more occult than worlds or suns above,
Moved man's emotions; every thought of soul
Sprang from the fount—the source of all control;
It moved the motive of the hearts of man,
As instruments to carry out the plan.
And from that source the silent orders came
To North and South to light the mighty flame
That whirled with quick dispatch and into line
The bravest men upon the track of time.
With Grant and Lee to hold with skillful hand,
The restless armies under their command,
Naught could arrest the plan so deeply laid—
Nature is ruler and must be obeyed.
The Southern waves broke into foam and spray;
For Northern walls were firm along the way;
Receding then their forces to renew
More terrible the struggle to pass through.
The East and West rose like a sudden storm
Defying danger at the nation's morn.
Each side claimed justice as the point of view,
And to their principles they must be true.
Fighting for justice, how could either fail?
Perhaps pure Destiny must turn the scale!
And surely Destiny was in command,
Ready to bless and give the helping hand;
Ready to bless when man had learned to see
That in fraternal love all must be free.
Man is not maker of the laws of fate;
Earth may be bright or may be desolate;
Dark ignorance must yield to coming light—
Knowledge gives vision to the inner sight;

And nations must, like men, learn to be just
Ere they may hold a place for higher trust.
The nation, crippled but redeemed in soul,
Bound up her wounds, but kept the Union whole;
And thus a step was taken in the plan
Marked out by Destiny; but not by man.

Cuba.

America!
The fiery trial of thy strength is past;
The great Rebellion, an expiring foe;
Thy land is broad; thy garnered stores are vast;
Well has thou shown devotion to thy flag,
And shining thoughts go out from patriot hearts,
Evincing love of liberty, of land and home.
And the unseen intelligence that gives
Vitality and life and power to man
Is still thy guardian to lead thee on
To victory more signal than the past.
Thy darkest nights foreshadowed coming day
That added splendor to thy brilliant deeds.
Thus shall it ever be: we lead thee in
Full strength and bright prevision of the years
That wait thy coming to eternal fame.
"What! On to conquest! Is not war a curse?"
Yes! On to conquest! Let the plow cut deep,
And kill the poisonous roots that draw the life
From higher fruits that please and bless mankind.
Let the obstructions that impede the way,
That the triumphant power of good must pass,

Be swept and buried from the face of earth.
The voice of nature cries for full redress,
The bodies of the dead and starving poor
Rise up light massive clouds in sight of heaven;
Borne high by awful pangs of agony.
O! who shall don the soldier's garb to crush
The heartless and relieve humanity?
America! the vast intelligence
That holds the spheres is urging you along.
You hesitate; you hate the clash of war;
The broken hearts of women melt your souls;
And crying children bid the last good-bye.
These pictures come before the manly heart,
As if to stay the arm of Destiny;
But the pulsations of subjective life,
Filled with intelligence innate and wise;
Is weaving well the complicated net,
To humble and entrap the tyrant power.
Cubans have cried, "O let our people go,"
For Spain the mother robs her children of
The hard-earned sustenance they amply earn.
The cry resounds throughout the realms of thought,
And the demand goes forth for quick redress;
Then all subjective life—the very heart
And energy of every living thing
Responded to the call; and love renewed
Her brilliancy and power, and wisdom, too;
And pointed to the land that freed her slaves,
And bade her rise and break poor Cuba's chains,
And drive the Spanish monster from the Isles.
Prepare for war. Haste, for the day of doom
Is crowding now the door that holds in check

The bloody scenes of war that soon must come.
The occult forces are in evidence;
The unity of purpose is revealed;
Magnetic currents sweep across the land;
The Avenging Angel waits to guide the storm—
Waiting for man to gather armaments
Of strength and power, to insure success.
And what of thee, O, cruel, heartless Spain?
Hast thou not felt the pangs of conscience hurn,
When calm reflection hrought thy crimes to light?
No! for astride the centuries has thou
Trodden down the weaker ones of earth.
With promises of love, you gave them scorn;
With promises of hread, you took their gold.
But you inherited your evil traits;
And so the ages waited for reform;
But ah! the degradation was too low
For even Time to wait for you to rise.
You jeered the power that sought to render aid;
And with an outward garb of holiness,
You flaunted out your vanity and pride,
Expecting God to save you from defeat.
You hroke the silent stillness of the night,
When the great hattleship was rent in twain,
And scores of men hurled into sudden death;
Such was your perfidy in time of peace.
But fate has marked the line and hedged the way.
Such willful disregard of human rights
Has jarred the chords of the invisible;
And unseen energies have scanned the world
To find an instrument to crush the wolf.

America!
You're wanted now; move on without delay;
Your ships are ready and your President
Is overwhelmed with patriotic fire
That comes from all the borders of the land.
Spain has declared for war; and gave command,
That Yankee pigs be slaughtered on the sea;
And fed to the consumers in the deep.
Now orders from our nation's Capital
Are flashing through the ocean's silent depths
To give command, "DESTROY THE SPANISH FLEET!"
O! what a thrill entrances every heart!
These four short words announce a purpose strong,
A sense of power, abiding trust, and hope
That justice might control the coming storm.
Our battleships are ready, on the sea,
And all the complications they contain
Are well adjusted by the skill of man.
But ere our fighting force had crossed the Gulf,
Or grappled with the foe on Cuban shores,
A message comes from the far distant East;
It brings glad tidings to the nation's heart.
Belch forth loud cannons while the people shout;
O! ring ye bells; let Echo send the joy,
And let the hills and vales prolong the song;
Our Admiral—our own Great Admiral—
The order has obeyed in spirit and
In letter to the very last degree.
Columbia's noble fleet defied the waves,
Ignored the darkness and the gloom of night;
Defied the fortress of Corregidor;

And skimmed the waters of Manila bay.
The night wore on—the destinies of men
Were drawing near, the awful, fatal hour!
The emblem Eagle soon must droop his wings,
Or Spain must tremble in the shock of war.
And now, before the sun could shake his smiles
Upon the dimpled cheek of peaceful day,
The clash of nations broke the spell of night,
And peace gave way to the black scourge of war.
Listen! ye fading stars! O, morning Sun,
Haste to behold the angry grapple of
A waning kingdom in a slow decay
With a republic in the glow of youth.
Man is the modern mystery of time;
Now he supplies his vengeance, with a skill
That makes the empires, and alarms the world.
Behold him now; his strength, his stolid heart,
His nerves, restrengthened by the fire of will,
Hear the report of heavy guns that ring
The swift incoming of the tramp of war!
On! on! defy the heat; ignore fatigue;
Momentous moments! thrice eventful day!
Pressing the years into a few short hours,
Pressing men's souls into eternal years!
The battle rages; and the heat intense
Is in full contact with the coolest heads.
Precision is the word—straight to the mark
Let every bullet be an instrument
Of Destiny to shake the thrones of Kings
And Emperors! Man's will be done, when truth
And justice is the object held in view;
But when the upas of a nation's crime
Has sent its venom to the realm of cause

Then their iniquity is full; then the
Great Law of Judgment from the world unseen,
Inspires a greater force that flashes jubilant
In every heart and strengthens every arm.
Such are the men to pull the pillars down,
Adjust the scales and let the wicked fall.
On with the battle! See Spain's crippled ships.
Her flag, once glorious, now is rent to shreds;
Her dead are piled and scattered o'er the deck;
And the shrill cry of fire is faintly heard,
In the loud thunder and the scream of lead.
Scattered and torn and sinking in the flames—
The warriors spring into the heated depths;
And smoke, and waves, and sullen wrath, was
left,
As Spain's poor compliment for all her toil.
Nor was this all; ship after ship went down—
The fated fleet was blotted from the sea.
Hundreds of men had perished to uphold
A kingdom, Destiny has doomed to wane.
America, enumerate your loss;
The people mourn the absence of the slain,
And wait to honor theid heroic dead.
Bear the news gently! O, ye deep sea lines,
And tell us quickly of the loss we bear;
We wait, we listen with impatient ear.
The light of glory shines in every word;
The news is heralded from shore to shore
That one lone man was killed by accident.

Now sing the song that began on the ocean,
'Twas then but a hopeful refrain;
Now sixty million hearts in commotion
To sing of the glory we've gained.

Time moves the panorama of the world:
A sudden joy today; then follow days
Of keen expectancy. What may a day
Bring forth. The sea waves lap around the world,
Heedless of battles, nations and of men;
They waken echos on Atlantic shores,
And beat the rocks of the Pacific isles;
'Tis man that moves with Destiny; 'tis man
That masters the eventful scenes of time,
That crosses oceans, overcomes a foe,
Or falls in battle on the curling crest.
But other ships of strength and speed,
Roll in the cradle of the dancing waves;
They guard the cities of America;
And steam across the gulf of Mexico;
And they encompass the Caribbean sea.
Perhaps a shell might startle great New York
And fill its denizens with rage and fear;
Or Boston lose her equilibrium
Should the Oquendo hurl a bursting shell.
But our great Admirals are all alert,
And wide-mouthed cannon, eager for the hour,
To sink intruders down to sightless graves.
But Spain! courageous to the bitter end;
Dispatched the Cape Verde fleet—the very pride
Of all her fighting force upon the sea.
The great Cervera, always just and true,
Commanded these great arsenals of power;
And as they outward moved with graceful pride
To measure strength with the Americans,
They raised their flags high in the steady breeze
As they moved out to cross the Atlantic's waves.

The Pope gave hounteous blessings to enhance
The certainty of quick and sure success;
"For Holy Spain should be upheld. Had she
Not climbed the heights of South America;
Conquered and slain the unoffending tribes;
Plundered their temples, robbed them of their gold,
And all for God, the guardian of our work?
Move on, invulnerahle fleet; strike down
The young barbarians that dare presume
To clash against the Virgin and our cross."
Thus armed with superstition and the fleet,
They crossed the solemn solitudes that splash
Defiance in the face of man, and hold
His laden vessels like a dancing toy.
In time they reached the fair Carihhean sea,
Where waters wash the shores of Spain's domain;
Where Puerto Rico yields her stores of wealth,
Opens her doors to the commercial world;
And Cuba, the hright kohinoor—the gem
In the tiara of Antille's crown;
The summer child, set in selected place,
Where torrid zone may kiss the temperate cheek;
The Queen of Nature, ruined by the lust
Of rulers, visibly unfit to rule.
Cervera knew his strength, his disahilities—
The fallen prestige of his government
Since Dewey amputated Spain's left arm.
And more than these, he knew that the strong arm
Of the pursuer followed close his track.
He would avoid collision and defeat

Until some more auspicious time arrived.
At last he gained a harbor where his foes
Could not disturb his weary, time-worn fleet;
And thus, ensconced in Santiago's bay,
The power of Spanish empire sought to rest.
But eagle eyes discovered the retreat—
Nothing was more desired than to know
Where these eluding warriors could be;
And nothing more certain than their fatal end.
There was no rest in that beleaguered land;
America had right to wrest from Spain,
The land she could not bless with words of truth;
No right to hold the children she despised,
And plunged them in the infamy of war.
America!
Take these poor children from their mother's grasp;
Let not thy feet be laggard on the way.
The sun is hot on Santiago's hills,
Trenches encompass the invested place,
And Spanish soldiers wait behind the banks,
And every thicket swarms with fighting men.
America fears not these obstacles,
But rushing orders send the transports on,
To bear the precious freight across the Gulf.
The blessings of the land are with them, as
They leave their much loved homes and native shores;
But the warm life that throbs in every pore
Of nature's vast and wonderful display;
Is beating full of hope in every heart.
How critical the coming of events;
But man, the genius, feels the glow of soul,

That sparkles from the central fount of life;
And the entanglements of nations are
Adjusted by the cruel arm of war.
Boldly our men are climbing the rough hills,
And penetrating through the thickest thorns,
Meeting the lead that flies from jungles thick.
The obstacles are great, but nerve supreme;
No thought of a retreat, but ever on.
The enemy resists this fearless foe,
Contesting stubbornly the fierce attack.
But unremitting force will not recoil,
Until the city in the hills is won.
Meanwhile, the Navy, proud to show its strength;
And ready to subserve the country's needs;
Is holding in fast blockade, every port
Of the unfortunate invested isle.
The Fleet, as if by magic hurled upon the sea,
Strong to defy the more than heartless waves;
Armed to defend the nation to the last;
Though on the broad Pacific's endless reach
Or seizing spoils along the western isles;
Or in bombardment of the threatening forts
That guard the entrance of the treacherous bay.
Our army on the hills beat back the troops
That use their rifles with such dire effect;
But the strong chain of force now binds them in
The hungry whirlpool of despair and crime.
And now again, beneath the ocean waves,
Swifter than time the urgent message flies,
Directed by the Cabinet—the heart of Spain:
"Leave your seclusion in the bay, go out
And fight the fleet that holds us in suspense,
And by the grace of God we'll conquer all.

Go sink the boasting ships that bear the flag
That flaunts the stars and stripes from shore to shore."
Reluctantly, Cervera left the bay,
The flagship Colon taking the advance;
Then followed the Vizcaya, bold and brave,
And the Oquendo closely followed suit.
These great machines for fighting, were the strength,
The greatness of the fleet, the nation's pride.
As they appeared in view, under full speed,
The time seemed heavy with great event,
That would deeper sink the monarchy
That conquered once a continent,
And planted destinies for years to come.
And now the fading glory of that power
Was buffeting the darkness of despair,
Struggling against the waves that soon might tear
The remnants of her glory into shreds.
But fate is like the earthquake, that heeds not
The wail of cities or the death of men.
The opening earth may swallow down its thousands;
And living flames consume mortality,
But nature marches on, heedless of life;
Unmindful of the rise of nations, or
The fall of Emperors or Kings of earth.
Behold! these mighty ships, immense in form,
Keyed to the highest power conceivable,
Expressly to destroy humanity.
They come like monsters from some hidden den
To terrify and crush opposing force.

But Nature, adequate to all demands,
Has balanced well her schemes to carry out
Her purposes, to build complete and firm
The temple of progressive Life and Love.
And thus another force is in the plan,
Ready and keen to mingle in the fray.
In infancy it crossed the Atlantic waves—
Her school, the forest of New England shores;
Her tributaries from European lands,
And now upon this great historic gulf,
It rises face to face, and arm to arm,
Defying the once greatest power on earth.
On comes the battle. Ages culminate
As these great battleships in desperate haste,
Plow the deep waters to escape from death;
For the young Giant of the West was there
To hurl the bolts that Destiny prepared,
To check the tide of perfidy and crime
That long enough have draped the world in gloom.
Cervera's flagship fired the shot that first
Sent the loud scream of battle o'er the sea!
The Indiana welcomed the hot shot
That came so near her side of heavy steel,
Then opened wide her blazing arsenal,
And sent the storm of death in swift return.
The battle raged in the full tide of war.
Retreating vessels fighting in despair,
And the pursuers blowing out the lives
Of the defeated; struggling in the fire of death.
The best and strongest of the Spanish fleet
Were being torn and splintered by a power
More vigorous than nations even dreamed.

The Gloucester sent swift reminders on
To hail Vizcaya in her rapid flight,
Regardless of the compliment which was
Returned by the retreating enemy.
The Indiana and Iowa with
Their greater guns stained the Vizcaya's decks
With blood; shattered her comely form of
strength,
Until confusion, helplessness and fire
Forced the bewildered men to run ashore.
The Texas knew the hour was opportune,
And did her work with honor and effect;
And soon the ships of Spain in desperation and
Despair, in their supreme defeat and loss;
Dashed their shattered fragments to the shore.
Such a great victory filled the soldiers' heart;
And joy exuberant would explode in shouts.
But sadness always veils the light of joy,
For death is the sure penalty of war.
To see the foe, defeated and destroyed,
Jumping from flames into the breaking waves,
Wounded and mangled, as they try to save
Their lives, as dear to them, as ours to us.
No wonder the good Captain Philip said,
"Don't shouf, my boys, for they, like us, are
men!"
The Colon forged ahead with her full speed,
Determined to escape her eager foes;
But the great Oregon was on her track,
And a hot fighting race of forty miles,
Brought Spain's great Admiral and ship to bay,
And on the sinking vessel the white flag
Was seen to flutter mid the scenes of death.

The lapping tongues of the consuming fire,
Increased the horrors of the dreadful scene:
To reach the shore was now the only hope—
And there to battle with the heartless sea.
But their great foes were generous to help
The victims of this most important hour.
The Great New York, returning from a cruise,
Sunk the two torpedo boats, and then was lost
The last remains of Spanish dominance
Upon the waters of the western isles.
Thus ended this decisive victory;
Spain's great display of power—her battleships—
Have vanished; all the genius, skill and toil
Of years have disappeared—forever lost;
And history will record this victory,
And its companion in Manila bay,
As the great wonder in the art of war.
Spain's loss was heavy—sixteen hundred men
As prisoners, besides the unknown dead.
America, of higher destiny,
Important in the drama of the world—
A factor in the sphere that nations rule,
Was left intact to fill her Destiny.

The song that was sung on the treacherous sea,
  When the seed of our Empire was sown;
It was planted in waters deep, boundless and
    free—
  As boundless and free, be this land our own.

The harps that were hung on the willows of old
  May be torn from the withering limbs,
For the price of our victory can never be told,
  Nor weighed in our jubilant hymns.

But we'll raise our glad spirits as high as we can,
And sing to the top of the voice,
For we feel in our souls the Omnipotent plan
That gave us our laurels and bade us rejoice.

The people now will render honor, and
Great praise to our invincibles in war.
Our hearts are quite too full of gratitude,
To slight the lowest in the scale of rank.
Take the full blessings of a nation's heart—
You've earned it in the very jaws of death.
Could I engrave upon the marble slab,
Names that forever might endure the wear
Of elements, and the attacks of time,
My efforts would be feeble to express
All the deep feelings of a nation's gratitude.
But history will engrave the deeds of men
That led us through the perils of the past.
Who are the heroes of our passing war?
Imagination scans the scenes of strife,
And every faithful soldier finds a place
In the great heart of our dear native land.
We sympathize with you in your fatigue,
Your hunger, and your dying hour, and all
Your sad remembrances of home and friends,
To us are sad reminders of your fate.
But all will soon be past, and time will bear
You on to that immortal land where you
Can see your noble work, inwrought
On the great structure built for Liberty.
The feeble pen can never name you all,
But here in this bright morning hour—alone,
Where most delicious silence reigns supreme,

Where inspirations fall like heavenly dew,
I must record the very names of men
Who spent their youthful years preparing
For a crisis that would hurl iniquity
From toppling thrones of perfidy and power,
To change the tropic isles from night to day,
From slaves to dignity and self-respect,
And from the lethargy of aimless life
To the realities of life renewed.
I cannot add to fame already won,
Nor can I close my verse until I bless
My pages with our most illustrious names.

Names of a Few of Our Leading Men.

William McKinley, President of the United States of America—

First for peace, great in war,
Loth to strike, but hard the blow.

Dewey, Rear-Admiral—

Behold that fleet. Behold!
It is no more. "The star of
empire" joins the east and west.

Sampson, Admiral—

Thy star was out, but
Victory awaits thy coming.

Schley, Commodore—

Who can say that thou art
Sly where cannons roar.

Watson, Commodore—
Obedient, vigilant and true;
Coming, and will arrive.

Miles, Major-General—
Swerve not to the right, nor to
The left, you will be needed.

Shafter, General—
Your place was critical!
Who could improve your tactics
THEN;
Not those who criticise you NOW.

Otis, General—
The Rainbow fades;
But stars succeed the setting sun.

Lawton, General—
Hold the gateway of the East;
The morning cometh, and the
Mists will slowly disappear.

McArthur, General—
The gateway opens for
America, while thou art
Pushing on the Destinies.

Wheeler, General—
Social, fraternal in spirit,
A strong support in war.

The Cabinet—
The changing hues of the evening
cloud
Will disappear at night;
The darkest shade of the mid-
night shroud,
Comes not with morning light.

The hearts of the people are drawn to many of our Generals and Captains. The different positions in Cuba, and many other localities, are filled with men of courage and ability, and the people of the United States should appreciate the service rendered; and not be impatient; large undertakings require time; evolution moves with measured step; and Destiny will have its course.

The Philippine Islands.

The islands of the sea—the thousand isles
That cluster in the gloom of China's night.
Islands that groaned beneath the yoke of Spain—
That drink the superstitions of the past,
And pays its tribute to the lustful Priests.
The people stupefied by opiates
That drug their souls and throw them into sleep
Of sad inanity, and dead desire.
Thousands of years have passed and not one step
Of progress has been made, and now, at last,
The call to arms comes ringing from the West!
Not to disturb the thousand sleeping isles
That dot the greatest ocean of the world!
But to abate oppression near our shores;
And drive the oppressor from the western sea,
And stop the carnage and the flow of blood.
America aroused and called her legions
To the front, to drive the Tyrant from Atlantic
Seas; to raise a people from despair and death.
But the incomprehensible designs,
Forever imminent from first to last,
Opened the door that locked the Orient;
America unwittingly walked in—
Was crowded in by unremitting cause.
The nation now controls the city of
The ancient islands of the broken sea;
Our armies penetrate the thorny maze—
They climb the rugged hills to meet the foe
Securely hidden in the massive rocks.

They swim the rivers and ignore the rain—
They charge the trenches, and defy the guns—
And drive insurgents from their strong defense!
Not for gold—not to invade their rights—
For justice and the rights of every man,
To stay the arms raised high against their friends,
Humble the pride that sees bright visions in
The glare of ignorant mastery, and power;
Crush out the spark that soon would set aflame
The fires of war, amid the southern seas.
Then can America unfurl her flag,
Over a land of plenty, and of peace,
And children of the ocean isles find rest.
America! you must fulfill your trust—
Wisdom has blazed the line—signals are standing,
In the track of time, and the heroic deeds
Of men for liberty; are planted on the mountain tops.
Of the great sacrifice of life; the way is plain,
And we must heed the power invisible
That sweeps the sky and burnishes the stars.
Shall we obstruct the march of Destiny,
Because we cannot fully understand
The solveless problem of free will and fate?
Because we cannot disentangle all
The knots of Time—Past, Present and To come!
The force that ruled the days at Gettysburg
Was the same inspiration that gave life
And power to freedom's arms, when Lincoln gave
His life at the behest of Destiny,
And the great map of the eternities
Was spread before the universal mind,
And the dark cloud that blotted India's hills

And blinded China's millions to the light,
And lapped its poisonous vapors o'er the isles,
Was seen by that Omniscient eye that looks
Back of the fiery birth of earth's new morn;
And onward far, until the clashing worlds
Proclaim the end of lifeless matter, and
The reconstruction of the Universe.

America!
That power and wisdom are bequeathed to man.
Your will, your destiny, your armaments
Of war, are instruments to check the incubus
Of death, from which the world aspires to rise.
Will you embrace this opportunity
To give your thought, your influence and arms,
Your lovers and your sons, to fall in line
To raise the standard of humanity.
You're called upon to stop the anarchy
Of centuries—not to enlarge domain
By the extinguishment of good, but by
The elevating power that will progress.
Hold the strong arm, until the child can walk,
Then let him go in peace—an honor to
Himself, his race, his kindred and the world.
And you who fight the nation's policy—
Too sensitive to make a people good;
Too modest to extend our great domain;
Too conscientious to upbuild by war;
Remember that the very land you own
Was wrested from the unoffending tribes,
By lawless tactics, or the force of war.
Too sensitive to bear the present strife,
To lay foundation for a greater good,
But you could bear to have our splendid men

Retreat and let the mingled races live
Thousands of years in anarchy and crime,
In idle desperation and despair.
But you do live to see the destitute
Eke out a life of misery and want—
The feeble women of our lauded land
Working their fingers short, and blinding
Eyes proclaim their destiny in death,
That you may stalk abroad in fine array.
Is this the tenderness of heart that builds
A nation, and dispenses love and peace?
'Tis not alone the nation you oppose,
You fight the march of progress that inheres
In every atom of the universe,
The aspirations of material life;
The struggles to arise, to grow, to reach
Development in higher, better life.
Let us tear off the cloak of selfishness
That holds us to our little, narrow sphere—
Progress and life—inanity and death;
Not politics, but growth; not lingering,
But bravery to accomplish the great work,
That came fortuitous for us to do.
Sustain the President, hold up his hands,
Lighten the great responsibility,
That must bear heavy in his weary work;
Sustain the army on the distant isles—
Justice demands the help of willing hearts;
The trend of victory since our nation's birth
Demands that onward still shall be our way.
And more than all, the Destiny that rules;
Is meting out the best, where it belongs;
The hour, the cause, demand the sacrifice—

Will you oppose the march of great events;
And face the wave of power, that
Hurled its vengeance on Hasdrubal's hordes,
And afterward incised the heart of Rome.
Take these hot burning words as not from me,
But as the pouring out of nature's soul,
To give new life unto the needy world.

ERASMUS DARWIN FRENCH.

August 10, 1899.